EASTER.

The darkness flees; from eastward streams
A softened ray of golden light,
Like sharp edged swords the morning beams
Beat back the forces of the night,
Until across the arching skies
No shadow of the midnight lies.

The lily's shapely cup unfolds,
The petals as strong wings outspread,
And like a tear the center holds
A dewdrop that the night has shed;
But, as all tears on Easter day,
The drop reflects the dawn's bright ray.

The northbound flocks of song birds rest
A moment in their gentle flight,
With carols joyful, unrepressed,
They greet the dawn of golden light;
And ere again on wing they start
The song finds echo in man's heart.

From deathlike sleep the world awakes
And throws aside stern winter's chains;
From slavery all Nature breaks
To greet the Day of Spring which reigns,
And Death's dark gates are opened wide
By the eternal Eastertide.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AN EASTER PACKAGE.

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A LITTLE man and a little woman were talking in low tones one Easter eve in the darkened sitting room of a house beside whose front door rusty crape streamers fluttered. They were brother and sister. The man had a commonplace face, with a pleasant look usually upon it. A sparse, stubby beard grew around the lower part of his face and under the edge of his chin. It stopped at the ears, of course, but was continued just behind them by another sparse, stubby fringe of hair, which reached around the back of his head. The entire top was bald and shining.

The woman was short and slender and very trim in person and dress. Her face was not so round as her brother's; her hair, just turning gray, was parted carefully and smoothed away over the forehead and behind the ears into a coil low in her neck.

"You're real mean an graspin, Jot," the woman was saying somewhat shakily. "An how you can be, with poor pa a-lyin there in the parlor, I don't see. I wouldn't begretch him anything nice naow. I'm sure it was all his'n, and he airned it by workin hard."

"Now, Dot, don't you take on so. Can't you talk sensible 'thout cryin, I wonder? I knowed pa well enough. He wouldn't 'prove o' no sech outlay as you seem to want. We'll come to the poor'us yet if you're bound to go on so."

"Come to the poor'us!" she ejaculated, her eyes flashing. "I ain't afeered o' that, anyway. I wouldn't be mean enough to think o' sech things while poor pa is waitin to be buried. Mebbe you'll want to go an dig the grave yourself, to save payin fur hevin it done."

The brother made no reply to this. He rose and walked cautiously to the door of the parlor and opened it a trifle. "Come in, Mr. Gregory," he whispered to the waiting undertaker.

"We've decided to hev the hearse, Mr. Gregory," said the brother; "an give us a plain wood coffin with proper trimmins."

Mr. Gregory soon departed. He had heard the discussion between the brother and sister, and was not slow in telling of it.

The Trynns had lived for years in one of two frame houses built "double," the only structure of the sort in Fairway.

People thought old Jacob Trynn eccentric when he built in that manner. When the houses were done they went by the name of "The Twins," a time honored joke which was meant to be a pun on the owner's last name.

The family was also called "The Twins," and finally every one forgot how the name was spelled. There had been originally the father and mother, a son and a daughter—curiously enough twins—also a younger son. The mother faded out of life after five years in the little house. The father lived long enough to see his twin children confirmed in solitary ways of living. They were about fifty when the old man, four years past the allotted threescore and ten of human strength, died. Their names were Joshua and Dora, familiarly shortened to Jot and Dot. The younger son had gone away after the mother died, to "ranch it" in Colorado, and had not been heard from for several years.

The end came to Jacob Trynn suddenly and formed the chief topic of conversation at the store. The tale told by Mr. Gregory was not long in reaching there.

"Heerd anything abaout the trouble up to Twins'?" asked Hi Anderson, the stage driver, who generally had the news before the rest did.

"No; is there any? What abaout, Hi?" asked his hearers.

"Wal, it's abaout how they shell put the old man under. Dot, she wanted him to hev a cloth covered casket an a hearse, but Jot he said 'twan't no use goin to sech

DOT HAD A GOOD CRY.

expense. He 'lows that a good coffin is well enough, an says 'tain't so fur to the buryin graound but what the bearers kin walk. Mr. Gregory says he gin in, though, abaout the hearse."

The usual slow stream of talk and conjecture followed these statements, some taking Dot's side, some Jot's. Some were heard to make ill willed speeches about both, and there was a great deal of free comment.

"Jot, he's mighty close, you know," said one. "S'pose thar ain't never been a time when Dot wouldn't give in, but 'pears she wanted this pretty bad."

And so the news was dispersed.

No one ever quite dared to speak to the Trynns about their quarrel, as reported by Mr. Gregory. Had it been a difference on any other subject, people would have stepped right in and tried to settle affairs, but this they let alone. In a few weeks' time everybody was surprised by the announcement that the Trynns had notified their tenants in the other house to vacate. No one could find out definitely at first what reason they had for giving up that much of their income. Jot worked in the drum shops, Fairway's one industry aside from farming, and Dot sewed drum straps at home. They had a fine garden, which furnished their table and left something to sell besides, so they got along comfortably and could lay aside something for their declining years.

Presently the village was electrified by the news that Dot was going to live in the other house. The trouble began with the different wishes about the father's funeral. Neither brother nor sister could let the subject alone, and the more words they had the more the trouble grew. At last matters came to a crisis.

"'Pears like you don't want I should stay with you any longer, Jot," said his sister after some discussion one day.

"I don't know's I care," he replied. "Ef I've got to be hectored abaout all the rest of my days, a pretty life I'll lead."

"It's as much your fault as mine," she declared. "You won't never let me alone no more. P'raps we kin git on better separate."

"Jest so," said Jot; "I'll tell the Blakeses they'll hev to git out, an one o' us kin live thar."

"I'll go into the other haouse," offered Dot timidly. She felt very sorry she had begun the subject of a separation. So did he, at heart, but neither would say so. "You'd never be able to get it clean, an I've had my hands into all sech work, you know."

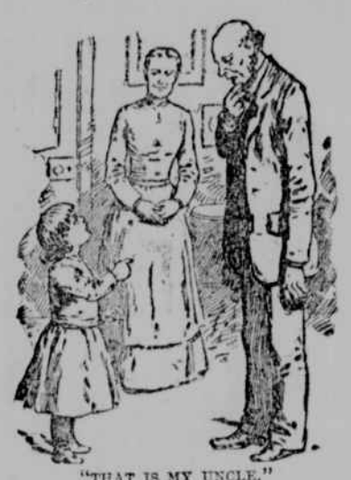
"Jest as you like," was Jot's laconic reply.

When the Blakes had gone, the sister went in to clean the house. It was built exactly like the other one, only everything was "the other way around." It was the same and yet not the same, and she felt sorry she had offered to be the one to move. Jot helped her carry in her part of the things with which the old home was well filled. Each seemed to strive in little ways to give in to the other during their last days together, the only difference being about the possession of the tall old clock. Jot insisted on keeping it.

"I hope it'll allers be a-tickin out your meanness," Dot said indignantly. After the change was made she sat down and had a good cry.

Sure enough, the little man grew uneasy. Her wish came true at night when he was busy about the house. "Mean—man," "mean—man," he heard very distinctly. Finally he stopped the clock and felt meaner than ever to keep it useless.

After they had been separated a week Dot went into the other house while Jot was away at work. Each had always made a point of leaving the back door key under the rag mat on each back doorstep, "in case o' suthin happenin," they said. She wouldn't go in before, but she did now, and held up her hands in horror at his un-



"THAT IS MY UNCLE."

tidiness. She began to straighten it up, stealthily at first, as if she were afraid some one would overhear her. She discovered in the pantry some baker's bread, and her heart reproached her, for she knew Jot hated any but homemade. It took but an instant to run home and get a nice loaf, to which she added a pie. These she placed prominently on Jot's pantry shelves. Then, as the whistles were sounding for 6 o'clock, she went home.

On the next Sunday afternoon, while his sister was out, Jot went into her cellar and brought up her tubs for Monday's washing, setting them out on the bench. Monday morning she went in, when there was a chance, gathering up his small wash, and taking it home nicely laundried Tuesday afternoon. Then Jot began putting up her clotheslines for her. So, gradually, they slyly exchanged work in a way that would have been comical if it had not been pathetic. They talked together casually of course, but neither would show a particle of interested feeling toward the other.

On the Saturday before Easter Hiram drove up to the Trynn property with a tiny passenger—a little girl six years old. There was a tag attached to her person which had written on it, "Mr. Jacob Trynn," and the proper address.

"Now, sit right still," he said kindly to the little creature, as he reined in his horses. Then he got down and walked up the path to the old Trynn house. Jot was away, for it was not quite 6, and Dot, hearing the knock at her brother's door, put her head out of her own.

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who on airth hev you got thar?"

"The nicest leetle package you ever see," he replied. "It's directed to your father, an naterally I come to the old door, forgittin that you wa'n't thar. I reckon you air the one to see to the leetle thing. She come all the way from Coloraydo, an she says her name is Mabel Trynn. Her pa's dead."

He turned away to get the child, and Dot fluttered about sorrowfully and yet joyfully. "It must be Jack's child," she whispered with tears in her eyes. "Jack's leetle girl."

"Here she is," shouted Hiram in the front doorway, and Dot wiped her eyes with her clean white apron and went forward with outstretched arms.

"You dear," she said, and kissed the child again and again, taking her in her lap and crying over her at intervals while removing her wraps. "What's this?" she asked when she found an envelope pinned securely in the inner pocket of the child's light cloak.

"Papa's letter," said the little one. It told how he was ill and could not get well; how he had not strength to bring his child to the old home and the father he supposed was still living, and described in a few words the various kinds of business in which he had engaged since they heard from him last. He had lost his wife, who was an orphan with no near relatives, not long before the date of the letter. He wrote of what little property he had invested for the child, and how he had seen to all the details of its settlement by some one who would forward proper papers, and closed with a sad farewell.

Hiram met Jot as he drove up the village street.

"I brung you an express package for Easter jest now, Jot," he said, stopping his horses. "I left it daown to your haouse. Your sister she took it," and cracking his whip Hiram drove on, leaving Jot standing in the road.

"Wal, I vum!" he said aloud. "Wonder what it is," and off he started again. "Thar hain't no one as I know of to send me an Easter package," he soliloquized. "He says Dot took it. Why on airth didn't he leave it to my haouse? He knows where the key allers is as well as I do. Jest as likely as not Dot took the wrappers off to see what it is. Women is so curus."

Reaching home he entered his own door first.

"Nothin here," he ejaculated, after glancing hurriedly around. "I didn't think she'd keep it. Gosh, what's that?" as the sound of clear, childish laughter was heard through the partition wall. "Guess Dot's got company. I b'lieve I'll see who it is afore I go in."

When the change of homes had been made, in the process of a general cleaning, Dot had removed the covering from a disused stovepipe hole between the two houses and it had not been replaced. Perhaps she had thought it would not be so lonesome if she had some means of communication between the two sitting rooms. Jot now placed a chair under the hole and climbed up. As the ceilings were low he could easily see through into the next room.

Yes, Dot had company, but only a tiny little girl. "Who in Sam Hill is that?" said he. ("Sam Hill" was one of the strongest ejaculations Jot ever used.) "I never see a young 'un araound these parts as putty as that. Wonder whar its ma is?"

After waiting patiently a few minutes to see or hear if she were anywhere near, he clambered stiffly down.

"I'd better go an git my package, as long as it's only that leetle gal she's got fur comp'ny."

He stepped carefully over to the other house and entered without ceremony.

"Dot," he began in an aggrieved tone, "whar's my express package? I met Hi daown the road a piece, an he said he'd left suthin here fur me an you took it. Why didn't you let him leave it in my haouse?" with a slight emphasis on the possessive pronoun.

The little girl, sliding off from her aunt's lap, stood looking at him with her great, blue eyes.

"Oh," she said suddenly, "that's my Uncle Jot! My papa telled me about him. What's the matter wiv your head?" she asked in the next instant. "Ain't you got any hair?" shaking her own sunny curls.

"Who on airth is she?" asked Jot, turning a bewildered face toward his sister.

"That's the express package you're lookin fur, and her name is Mabel Trynn. Read that. It was pinned inside her coat," handing him the letter. "She's Jack's child. Poor Jack!"

"Poor Jack!" Jot repeated when he had finished, wiping away a few tears. "Wal, little gal, I don't know as I kin take very good keer of you, but I'll try fur Jack's sake."

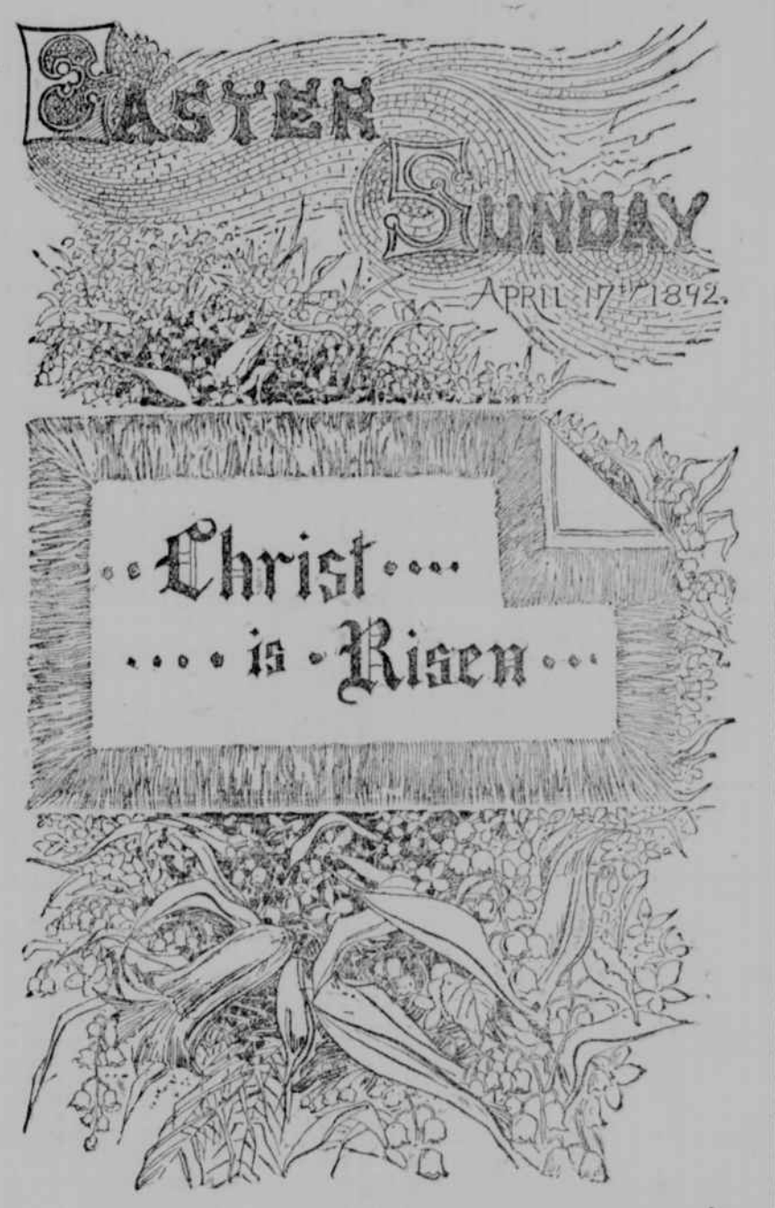
"Why, good land, Joshua Trynn!" exclaimed Dot; "you don't think o' takin her in tother haouse, do you? You know very well you can't take keer of a little girl like that."

"Wal," said her brother slowly, "seein as I'm Jacob Trynn"—his middle name was Jacob—"the leetle gal b'longs to me."

"Haow air you goin to take proper keer o' her when you're away all day, I'd like to know?" Dot asked triumphantly.

"Wal, mebbe you had better keep her a spell," said Jot slowly, "and then p'r'aps I kin hev her awhile when work gits slack."

Summer came with all its loveliness, and Mabel, who was not particularly strong when she arrived, grew the picture of glowing health. She was out of doors almost all day long, but every evening she went in for a romp with her Uncle Jot.



Finally the shop was closed to repair some machinery. Then Jot demanded the child for awhile. She staid with him willingly enough until bedtime. Then she made such an outcry that after trying in vain to pacify her he carried her in to his sister, saying, "She'd better stay with you nights, but she must eat all her meals with me." And Dot, who had long ago resolved that come what might she would never differ from her brother again, did not object.

But the baby grew ill. Dot was awakened one night by her moaning. She soon aroused her brother, and he hurried off for a doctor. Mabel's illness was a short one and not at all dangerous, but during it neither brother nor sister left her except when necessary. While they were watching one night—the night she was the worst—Jot said suddenly:

"I do think, Dot, ef Mabel gits well, as haow we'd orter"——

"Jest what I was a-thinkin. We'd better give up this here livin alone an"——

"Haow did you know that was what I was a-goin to say?" interrupted her brother.

"Wal, I s'picioned you was gittin ruther tired o' livin alone, an I know right well I am. Then thar's Mabel. We both want her; an besides, I don't know's we've got much time to spend in bickerin. We're both gittin along in years."

"Yes," added Jot, "thar's no sense in livin in both these haouses when we kin live jist as well in one, with room enough an to spare, an the rent from this one we kin lay by fur Mabel if she gits well. Please God she will!"

The child was better when morning came, and as soon as she could be moved she was carried into the next house, as was all the furniture her aunt had been using. In a few days a placard "To Let" appeared in a window of the dismantled house, and the village loungers had something more to talk about.

"That air leetle gal I brung them Twins was a right proper Easter gift, fer peace and good will came with her," said Hiram when he heard of the reconciliation.

On the first day Mabel was well enough to play about the house she stood before the old clock, which was still silent.

"Why don't it go?" she asked suddenly.

"I stopped it," said her uncle, a little shamefacedly.

"What fur, Jot?" asked Dot.

"Oh, wal, it—it bothered me," he replied. "I orter ha' let you hev it, Dot. I couldn't a-bear to hear it."

"Never mind," she said softly; "we kin hear it naow."

"Oh, yes, Uncle Jot, make it go," cried the child.

He did so, and she stood delightedly listening to it at intervals in her play. "I know what it says," she called out after a while; "your names."

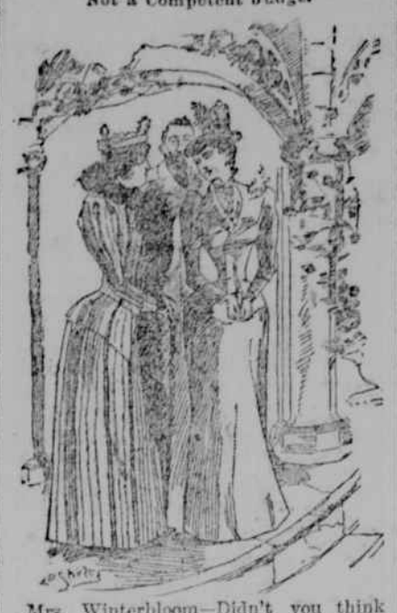
They listened. Sure enough, they heard it plainly, "Dot—Jot," "Dot—Jot," and looked happily at each other over the head of the child who had interpreted its sounds for them.

"We'll all keep together naow," said Jot slowly; "you an me and Mabel an the old clock. There shan't nothin separate us any more."

And it was so.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

Not a Competent Judge.



Mrs. Winterbloom—Didn't you think Miss Pinkerley's Easter solo a remarkably fine effort?

Mrs. Van Wicker—Possibly so, but I am afraid I didn't appreciate it. You see I live next door to her and have heard her practice on it for the past month.

ENGLISH GOOD FORM.

The Fresher and Freer Code Which Replaces the Old Social Etiquette.

In England, whether for good or evil, the old code of social etiquette is being superseded by a fresh one which has introduced important modifications. Some think the changes beneficial; others that they have done much to banish the courtesy and politeness which gave such added charm to the intercourse of well bred people, which greater latitude and freedom in host and guest do not replace satisfactorily.

Etiquette proper, as it was understood in the court of Louis XIV, has been transplanted into all others. It was a strict code, founded on reciprocal courtesy and reverence, but it has yielded to a less severe and authoritative one, which bears the name of good form. Good form is elastic, fluctuating, not immovable, but it is subtly imperious, and it expects society to conform to its unwritten rules. Some are of mushroom growth, others have had several years' experience, according to a writer in the New York Sun, who notes several dictates of modern English good form as follows:

The question of introducing guests to one another is vexing. Good form has, however, at present come to the conclusion that in society, being a large family, each member is presupposed to know the rest, while allowing that there may be, in those who meet socially, a few exceptions who are not acquainted personally with the others. At a large reception, where that circumstance cannot interfere with general comfort, there is no need for introductions, but at afternoon "at homes" and small dinner parties it is better to mention informally the names of all those present. A formal presentation implies the consent of both parties, who have been consulted previously. It is then the rule to present the younger and less distinguished person to the other. Both exchange cards within a limited period, the one introduced taking the initiative. Bachelors must leave cards with married people to whom they have been presented. A punctiliously polite man, and all of the ladies, leave cards where they have dined; the limit of a week is not now adhered to, any reasonable time being allowable. We are far now from the time when, according to old French tradition, the host used to call on his whilom guests in the three following days "to thank them for having taken the trouble of coming to him."

"Good form" exacts a written answer to a dinner invitation, and the reply must not be delayed under penalty of appearing inconsiderate to the hostess. Printed invitations to receptions may be left unanswered or acknowledged by leaving cards.

A Perfect Preservative.

The curator of the Columbo museum has discovered that cocoanut oil mixed with carbolic acid is a perfect preservative of animal colors. The most delicate frogs and snakes retain their evanescent tints when preserved in it.—New York Journal.

She (after the Easter service)—Did you see me in the choir this morning?

He—Why, no. I wondered who was making all that noise.

THE EASTER SUN.

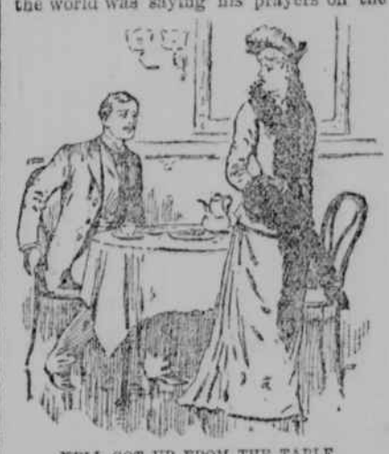
He had always thought she was the sweetest girl in the world. And he told her so on Ash Wednesday. It seemed a queer day to select, but as he knelt in the pew just back of her and heard everybody call themselves "miserable sinners" he felt that they were doing one woman a wrong, for she was an angel.

As they walked home from church together he carried a large heart and small prayer book, and somehow or other he never did know just how he got up the courage to do it, but he asked her to be his wife. He told her how much he loved her and he got her to confess that she did care for him a little bit. After this his heart felt so light that the prayer book seemed the heavy part, for he had a decided inclination to throw it away and hug her then and there right in the street. But better sense prevailing, he waited until he got into the house. Unlike most other love stories, there was no cruel parent in this, and the wedding was set for June.

"But," said pretty Nell, "every year since I was a little bit of a thing I have gotten up to see the sun dance on Easter morning, and I have always been just a few minutes too late. Now, I charge you if you love me that you either sit up all night or have yourself awakened by a messenger boy, or do anything that will result in your sending somebody to wake me up; because you know, dearest, it will be perfectly lovely for us to see the sun dance together." The promise was made when the engagement ring was put on. It was sealed with a kiss, and the dearest fellow in the world and the sweetest girl in the world gloated over the idea of the charming time they would have early on Easter morning seeing the sun dance for very joy, as their eyes and hearts would.

Now, if the sweetest girl had a fault, which may be doubted, it was that she knew when other creatures, mere men, looked at her with admiration, and her bright eyes would flash back a sort of "Thank you." If the dearest fellow in the world had a weakness, which may be doubted, it was that he called this politeness flirting, and that he objected to it to such a degree that he actually became jealous. It was unreasonable in him, but still it was true. On Good Friday, when Nelly and he were eating hot cross buns and drinking coffee, he put down his cup with great fierceness and said, "Nell, I will not permit you to make eyes at that dark haired man in the corner." Nell properly enough answered that she didn't even see there was a man in the corner. Now, this wasn't quite true. Then the dearest fellow said that he had at least always thought Nelly was truthful (and this was in a very sorrowful tone), and Nell got up from the table, and with what she thought was great dignity, and which was merely ugly temper, announced she wouldn't eat a mouthful with the man who thought she would tell a story, and out she went.

By the time she got home she wished she was dead. By the next morning she wished she had never been born. And when she went to church, and the dearest fellow in the world was saying his prayers on the



NELL GOT UP FROM THE TABLE.

other side of the aisle and never came near her, she wished that her father and mother had never been born and that Adam and Eve had never been created. That night she went to her pretty little room, took off her engagement ring, looked at it for a long time and remembered what she said when she put it on—that the diamond was symbolic of earthly love and the sapphire of heavenly; and yet this was the way it was ending. It went into its little box, was tied up and addressed to be sent the next morning to its original owner. Then Nelly cried awhile, and then she made arrangements with a friendly maid to be awakened early enough in the morning to go to see the Easter sun dance.

She was up in time, put on a dark dress, and—never tell it to anybody—a new yellow garter for good luck, and out to the park walking on the east side did poor Nelly go. She dragged her hat well over her face so nobody would see her, and when she was bumped into she was too downcast to do anything more than raise her eyes and say "Certainly" to the apology offered. Of course it was the dearest fellow in the world who had been so rude. He had come out as a sort of goodby to see the sun dance too. He said to her, "There is no reason why we shouldn't be friends." And she answered, "Certainly not!" But when he looked into those eyes it was love, not friendship, he saw there, and stooping down he kissed the tears away and started to apologize for his wrongdoing, but she called out quickly, "Look, dearest, look; the sun is dancing!"

And so it was, and the eyes of these two true lovers saw it, and then they heard coming up from a little church near the old, old Easter song—

Christ hath risen, death is no more—

and Nell knew as she rested her head against the shoulder of her own true love that the Easter morn of her happiness had come. After all she, the sweetest girl in the world, and he, the dearest fellow in the world, are willing to declare, no matter what unbelievers may say, that if you go to look for it with faith in your heart the sun does dance on Easter morning.

That this whole story is true is vouched for by me, and so I sign it

ISABEL A. MALLON.

Pretty Things for Easter.

One of the pleasantest things about Easter is the custom of giving souvenirs of the day to friends. The presentation of eggs is a ceremony which is said to be traced to the theology and philosophy of the Persians, Egyptians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans and other ancient nations, among all of whom an egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the Supreme Divinity.

All sorts of devices suitable for Easter gifts are for sale each year, and most of them have for the keynote to their design the egg. Easter cards and booklets with Easter poems and quotations are numerous.

But possibly people are growing tired of offerings that can be purchased, so for those who wish to make Easter gifts these hints are put down.

Lovely little window baskets are made of eggs, which have been broken at the pointed ends and their contents used. About one-third of the shell should be broken carefully away, leaving the edge as even as possible. A little basket or bag can be crochetted out of silk or worsted, much like those used for balls of cord, only they should not close at the top. The covering should fit snugly around the egg, which is filled with earth and a little grass seed, a sprig of sweet alyssum or any tiny plant placed therein. Silk or ribbon cords at least nine inches long suspend it, and when the green stuff is nicely started the baskets are very dainty affairs. If crochetting cannot be done a bag can be made of strips of narrow ribbon meeting at the bottom of the egg, held together by loose cat stitching of contrasting silk.

Another way to use eggs is to blow out their contents, run a narrow ribbon through the holes thus made, looping it at the large ends and leaving long pieces of different lengths at the opposite ends. A group of three or more eggs decorated in painting or sepia and hung by the different lengthed ribbons will be a pretty chandelier or mantel ornament, or can be suspended from the lower corner of a picture frame.

A group of silk or satin sachet bags, made in egg shapes, will be acceptable Easter offerings. A photograph holder made of water color paper can have an egg shaped opening for the photo, and in the lower left hand corner a bit of branch holding a nest of eggs, with a bird or two near by, will suggest springtime as well as Easter. The rest of the frame may be shaded from a deep yellow on the edge to white around the opening, and the frame is suspended by narrow gold ribbon.

An egg shaped book which will be prized more than a booklet bought in a store, because it is the work of loving hands, can be made by cutting two sufficiently large egg shaped covers of rough paper or pasteboard. The leaves a little smaller, but of similar shape, may have Easter verses, quotations or poems written or printed on them, and can be fastened together with the covers at one side. The exterior should contain a suitable drawing or painting of either figures or flowers. If Easter lilies are done they can be thrown into relief against a gold or blue background, and the words "Christ is Risen," or "Easter Thoughts" printed at the bottom.

If an egg shaped box can be obtained or made, say four or five inches long, it will form the foundation for a beautiful jewel casket, the outside being covered smoothly with white satin or silk, and the inside being made fit for the gems it will hold by being lined with swansdown, over the center of which is laid an oval mat of rich yellow plush. The box can be supported by a wooden frame such as is used for large Easter eggs, or may be laid on a fluffy mat of some sort, which will hold it in place.

A floral egg makes a very suitable Easter gift, and is made over a wire frame shaped like an egg. When the frame is made fill it with scented cotton, and to this sew tiny artificial flowers, such as forgetmenots, which are purchasable for about twenty-five cents a dozen; violets, lilies of the valley or rosebuds. The egg may be suspended by loops of ribbon. Large floral eggs can be covered with tissue paper flowers.

Egg shaped sachets are made of chamois skin, with layers of cotton wadding, scented, placed between the covers, which are painted or gilded and tied together with ribbon.

A Rondeau of Easter.

At Easter time I feel the thrill
Responsive to a bonnet bill,
Which cometh in unasked, unsought—
The aftermath of bonnets bought,
And other things which lightly fill
The wish of woman, and her will
To keep it up until—until
I rip and swear, because I'm caught
At Easter time.

The holy rest, the gladsome still,
Which gently as a purling rill
Should soothe my soul and calm my thought,
Are busted as they hadn't ought
To be by this same bonnet bill
At Easter time.

WILL J. LAMPTON.

Easter Dress in 1850.

In all countries at all times until now, Easter, coming as it does at the threshold of creation's home, has been the signal for dress change. Here is a description of an Easter dress of 1850:

Green silk velvet skirt perfectly plain and very full (six yards) three-quarters high body, fitting closely to figure, ornamented with "noeuds" (bows) of ribbon ranging at regular intervals from the neck down to the bottom of skirt, which must clear the floor under wide hoop, deep gathers at waist, point back and front, chemisette and full sleeves of white cambric, bonnet of deep lilac velours epingle across the center of the front worked with tambour work, the edge of the front finished with a narrow filling, the curtain bordered with same and decorated inside with bows of ribbon and "brides."

The Difference.

It's nigh on thirty year er more
Since Hannah left her mother,
An we agreed that she an I
Could house with one another.

An all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Have gone to prove the diffrunce
'Twixt man an woman's manner.

Now Hannah has her garden beds,
An tends her plants an posies,
While I weed out my turnip plot
An hoe my early roses.

Then Hannah has her cats an dogs,
Her poll an pet canary,
While I think more of useful beasts
Ter keep the farm an dairy.

We're both contented with our lot;
I let her have her parrots;
She never minds that I prefer
The turnips, beets an carrots.

For in this life the pretty things
Are put beside the common,
And that's the reason why a man
Was made to love a woman.

—Helen Chaffee.

Kept Him Home.

Mrs. Bingo—Didn't you think Mrs. Kingley's Easter gown was lovely? By the way, I wonder why her husband didn't go to church with her?

Bingo—He told me that he had to stay home and figure up his liabilities.

A BACK NUMBER.

They say that I am a back number—
But little I care what they say—
That slowly the wrinkles are coming,
That my hair has begun to be gray.

That my eyes have forgotten to twinkle
With the brightness so often they wore,
That the crow's feet conclusively show that
That the days of my triumphs are o'er.

Yet little they know this old pagan
Will live the same life he has led,
Far into the frosts of the winter,
When the glory of autumn is dead.

A man with a heart that is youthful
Will always find some one to love,
And one to return the affection
He endeavors to show and to prove.

—Yankee Blade.